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THE

Imbecile and their Training.

“ There’s some o’ ye may likely ha’e, at hame, a brother dear,
Whase wee bit helpless, mournfu’ greet, ye canna thole to hear;
An’ is there ane amang ye but your best wi’ him wad share?—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless—they’re God’s peculiar care.”

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THE following pages appeared in the CHRISTIAN TREASURY, as two separate articles. The Committee of the "Society for the Education of Imbecile Children in Scotland," for whose benefit they were written, believing that their circulation in a separate form would be more useful, requested the Authoress to permit of their publication, to which she willingly consented.

In presenting this little Book to the Public, the Committee desire to express a hope that it may be blessed in doing much for the afflicted, whose good they seek to promote.

Through the considerate kindness of the Publishers, any profits which may accrue from its sale will be handed to the Treasurer, for behoof of the Society.

EDINBURGH, *1st July* 1861.



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THE IMBECILE, &c.



A CAVILLER at religion was, on one occasion, arguing with a Christian friend on some of the vital points of the Christian faith. He attacked with much bitterness several of its fundamental truths, and hurled in their concentrated virulence the stones of his prejudice and opposition against the doctrine of election. "If," said he, "you hold such a doctrine to be divinely inspired, is it not to manifest

God as Himself shutting the door of mercy against all but His own elect and chosen few?"

"No," said his friend, calmly but earnestly; "I hold that no such view of Jehovah's character is unfolded in this doctrine."

"Why," interrupted the objector impatiently, "according to its decree, if I am to be saved—if, in other words, I am elected—does not the view you entertain assert that my salvation is secured, whether I will or no; and, on the other hand, that, strive and labour as I may, if I am not elected, I shall be lost?"

"No, in nowise; my Bible gives me no such revelation."

"What, then, does it tell you?"

"It tells me," replied the Christian, "of a full, and free, and present salvation, *to every one that believeth on the*

Lord Jesus Christ, — that whosoever will, may take of the water of life freely,—that him that cometh unto the Saviour, He will in nowise cast out!”

“We are speaking of the doctrine of election at present,” retorted the caviller with sarcastic bitterness, “and I hold and maintain my own sound and palpable views.”

His friend was silent for a moment, then abruptly said, “If you were ill—seriously ill—would you calmly and indifferently sit with a tranquil brow and folded hands, and say between the paroxysms of pain, I shall not send for the physician, because if I am to recover I shall, without the aid of means; if not, it’s useless to try anything.” Not immediately perceiving the bearing of his friend’s question,—imagining rather that he had quitted

the field of argument, a silenced, if not a vanquished foe,—the objector hastily answered, “Do you imagine, sir, that I have taken leave of my senses, or is the allegation applicable to you, as it was supposed to be to the apostle of old, that ‘much learning hath made you mad,’ that you put such a simply *absurd* question to me?”

“What would you do in such a case?” inquired his companion, in a tone of voice perfectly unruffled and unrepulsed.

“Do, sir! do! I should send instantly for the doctor, to be sure.”

“Even should his prescriptions pain you, and ultimately prove unsuccessful?”

“As to the pain—why, what would not a man suffer for his life’s sake? And as to the result—there’s ten chances to one that it might be a

good one. Even *I*, regardless as you consider me, would consider the neglect of medical aid in such a case a clear tempting of God's providence. A man's not entitled to get better, if he won't take the trouble to use means; and *whatever the issue*, it's surely worth trying."

"Out of thine own mouth would I judge thee, O my friend," said the Christian man once more; "for if such would be your conduct in a matter of temporal life (and just and right would that conduct be), how can you—how dare you—trifle with the tremendous concerns of spiritual and eternal life? Be as much in earnest at least about your soul as your body; nay, rather be intensely more interested about its welfare than any other object. Lay hold of that end of the golden chain of God's grace which has been let

down to earth, and which will surely lift you up to heaven ; and do not strain your eyes and agonize your mind in fruitless efforts to discern the highest link, which is locked up in the secret counsels of God. ‘Believe and live,’ is the Gospel remedy for the sin-stricken soul, and this ‘faith is the gift of God.’ Yet His grace, which is freer than the sunlight, and which wells forth from the eternal ocean of His love, *reaches us through means.* ‘How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher? . . . *So, then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.*’ Seek Him then, dear friend, as the Physician of your soul ; take hold of the golden sceptre which, as Prince of Peace, He is extending toward you ; press through the crowd, and touch the hem of His

royal robe, and you shall find within you a more satisfying proof of your election than the mere knowledge that your name is written in heaven—even the witness of God's Spirit with yours that you are His."

This conversation was graciously blessed to the soul of the godless man.

And now, for the sake of our present purpose, let us bring to bear upon the physical and mental parts of man's being those same views and thoughts. Establish it in your mind, dear reader, that God's ordinary mode of working is by the use of means.

He who could have called man at first into being by a word, yet took of the dust of the earth, and formed our father Adam, breathing into his nostrils the breath of life. Again, when the deluge was determined on for the abounding wickedness of the world,

God, who could have hid Noah and the little elect family in some rocky fissure or airy chariot, commanded him to build an ark, in which, and in which *alone*, this remnant of our race should be saved. In all our efforts, let us remember, that while it is God's prerogative to bless, it is man's privilege to work; and what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

We have been drawn into the preceding remarks by the contemplation of a scheme which has been brought before our notice in a special manner. We allude to an effort which is about to be made throughout Scotland, to raise funds to build an Institution for the Training and Education of the Imbecile, and the Improvement of Invalid Youth. There is, perhaps, no section of distressed humanity which has hitherto been deemed a more hopeless one, and for

whose amelioration less effort has been put forth, than that of imbecile youth. Amid the many schemes which interest our Christian philanthropists, this peculiar class of unfortunates has, in Scotland, been almost entirely neglected. This, we believe, has arisen neither from cold-heartedness nor indifference, but from ignorance of the very large numbers who are thus afflicted, and from the almost universal conviction that their case is beyond experiment or cure. The actual fact in regard to numbers is now, however, made public, by which it appears that, in Scotland, there are 2236 imbecile and idiotic of all ages. Experience on the subject in other countries has proved that, under careful treatment, very many have been raised, if not to the condition of perfect men, at least to be saved from being eyesores to society, and taught how to enjoy life,

and to please their parents; others being put in the way of earning their own subsistence.

For some years past institutions have existed in France, Switzerland, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, and to a much greater extent in America. In England, too, the subject has been brought prominently forward; and there are now in the sister country institutions affording relief and education to hundreds of imbeciles.

There is one very important element of encouragement in such a work, which we would notice before going further. It is this:—that, in the case of many imbecile children, there appears, after having been brought under the restorative means of medical treatment, not only an improved, because developed, organization physically, but enough of clear and simple intelligence to enable them to respond rationally, and, in many

instances, most satisfactorily, to appeals made to them on the subject of personal salvation.

“Oh,” said the mother of a boy, who was resident in the institution in Edinburgh, of which we shall speak shortly; “Oh, if my dear child were only able to know himself a sinner, and Jesus as his Saviour, I should be quite satisfied.” And her wish was granted; for her little boy became able to receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity and love, and was gathered, a rescued lamb, into His holy and happy fold.

Surely it is a noble work to assist—that of rearing out of scattered wrecks, a fabric into which God’s Spirit may come and dwell, and count it a temple meet for His own habitation.

Let us now glance at the efforts which have been in exercise in other countries for the poor imbecile children, and their

result ; and then let us look at the same work as it has existed in our own country and metropolis, trusting that, ere we have finished, we shall have roused the interest and enlisted the sympathy of many who read these pages.

One very painful form of idiocy is cretinism. The traveller, while exploring the sublime scenery of Switzerland, has just, we shall suppose, descended some snow-capped peak, and is passing into one of the lovely valleys, where, possibly, he imagines, if there is repose to be found on earth, it is here. His eye falls upon those picturesque little chalets he so greatly admired in the distance, and he is naturally desirous to see the inmates of such sweet, simple homes. If unprepared for the spectacle which meets his gaze, he will be saddened and shocked. Instead of bright, buoyant faces and forms, and athletic,

hardy children, fleet as the chamois that skips up the mountain side, he sees men and women, in many cases of ordinary appearance, but in numerous instances affected with cretinism in its most painful aspect. And the children! Ah! the poor, deformed, degraded, children!—from these he positively shrinks and turns away; for it is here that he beholds cretinism in its most fully developed form. That little girl, scarce two summers old, has a head mis-shaped and sadly disproportionate to her age. Her lips and throat are swelled, and the skin deadly pale. If left uncared for, this child, as it advances in years, will exhibit more and more obviously the intellectual and moral defects of her nature, and will sink into a hopelessly degraded and useless creature. And those others that surround him as he approaches, where is the intelligent

response to his look? Not in those dull, vacant eyes. There is nothing to speak of reason—in many instances, little to tell of humanity; and their case is, by their friends, regarded as a hopeless one. “It creates a solemn awe in the soul,” says Cheever, “to look upon one of these cretins, in whom the mind does not seem so much deranged as departed—gone utterly—not a gleam of the spirit left—the household dog looking incomparably more human. It is a dreadful sight. Who is this melancholy being, which bears not the human form, in its lowest and most repulsive expression? . . . This loathsome idiotic being hears not, speaks not; and only now and then utters a coarse, wild, inarticulate sound. It is a cretin. Yet even such have been rescued from their loathsomeness, and converted into sightly and intelligent

members of society, blessed, and made blessings." It was in the course of a tour among the high Alps, made in 1836, that Dr Guggenbühl first became specially interested in the cretins. He saw and felt deeply their wretchedness, and resolved to study their condition minutely. He gave himself wholly to their service, and lived for two years among them in the small and retired village of Sernf, in the Canton Glarus. The idea weighed more and more heavily upon him, that this numerous and degraded class of beings, who filled the valleys, were left to sink deeper in their misery, *without one effort being made to help them* ; and he resolved to dedicate his life and all his powers to the work of elevating from their miserable condition some of the many thousands of human beings thus sadly afflicted. For full particulars of this interesting work,

we refer our readers to the “Abendberg, by L. G., Geneva; with an Introduction by John Coldstream, M.D., Edinburgh.” The preceding extracts have been taken from this volume; one other quotation from it we make, showing the success which attended the enterprise:—

“In 1840, the *Hospice* of the Abendberg was opened for the reception of patients. A very few entered at first; but the results were so speedily encouraging, that after only two months’ trial of his plans, Dr Guggenbühl saw enough to warrant the hope, that what had been his wish day and night, was now about to be realized.”

The reader will find in the above-mentioned book details of a most affecting nature, and instances recorded of individual cases placed under treatment, and of the amazing and delightful

change which attended the care bestowed upon them.

We have before us "The Seventh Annual Report of the Pennsylvanian Training School for Feeble-minded Children," which presents to view the efforts and experience on the subject of the New World. The superintendent, in his report, says:—"A small beginning, a struggling infancy, and an experience of doubt and embarrassment, have tested the vitality of the early efforts to establish this institution; but it has borne the struggle, endured the trial, and comes forth more strengthened, but needing strength. The source of its energy and vitality is to be found in the truth, that man, suffering and forlorn in the form of idiocy, can be restored from a degraded and mis-shapen manhood, to take upon himself the comeliness of the redeemed and

immortal. . . . All this has been accomplished, even in the brief history of this institution. The gloomy have been made happy—the idle, industrious—the profane, ashamed of their profanity—the unloving, affectionate—the speechless, to speak—the unproductive, self-supporting; and in this humble yet important and compensating work, we are still progressing. . . . Many friends have been raised up for the imbecile. Hearts that have been accustomed to go out in kindly sympathy for the insane, the blind, deaf, and mute, the orphan, vagrants neglected and lost, have found another outlet for their philanthropic efforts, and have commenced to share the gifts of their benevolence with the feeble-minded.”—(See *Report*, pp. 7, 21.)

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the work of a similar kind

as it exists in France. There the “Bethesda Asylum,” presided over and watched with a parent’s care by the Rev. John Bost of La Force, has proved all but a birthplace to the physical and mental power of many poor helpless children; and with confidence be it affirmed, that it has been a *very birth-place* to the precious souls of many of these young immortals.

We saw this beloved pastor in his own beautiful country last autumn, and talked with him about his work in the institution.

Alluding to the music of some beautiful “cantiques evangeliques,” to which in company we had been listening in a “chapelle evangelique,” he said, after having expressed his intense sympathy with our love for music, “Ah, how great is its power! I teach my children very much by music—sing hymns to them,

which they drink in; and in this way much of their religious instruction is conveyed." And, as we listened to the absolute music of his rich full voice, and caught the enthusiasm of his bright earnest spirit, we felt no surprise that those rescued little ones should love to hear from him the sweet songs of Zion, or be roused by his tender and self-denying care to an intelligent, responding comprehension of their sacred import.

And now, having thus so very briefly sought to give our readers a mere bird's-eye glance of the work on behalf of imbecile children, as it is prosecuted in other lands, we crave their attention while we present them with a short notice of the same enterprise as it has hitherto been carried on in Scotland.

Little, very little, has in the past been done; yet the result of efforts made has

been of the most encouraging kind. There is an institution at Baldovan, near Dundee, which has existed for the last seven years. It was founded by Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy, and was the commencement of this interesting work in Scotland. Between 20 and 30 children are here cared for and trained.

Six years ago an institution was commenced in Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, under the superintendence of Dr and Mrs Brodie. Here it was carried on for four years, but the want of proper accommodation rendered a change of situation absolutely necessary.

Dr and Mrs Brodie felt that by remaining in town they could not do justice to the children, so very much depending on the situation of their dwelling being airy and bracing. Their residence is now at Morningside.

It may here be observed, that the progress of the work has been retarded by the difficulty of obtaining a house and grounds adapted for the purpose.

Proprietors, who are willing to let their property to private tenants, change their tone when they learn for what it is wanted, and refuse it for the institution. So great was this difficulty at the time of leaving Gayfield Square, that Dr and Mrs Brodie, nearly quite discouraged, were tempted to give all up. A few warm friends they had, but very few, and none to plead their cause. When, however, the parents of some of the children heard of their thought of resignation, they begged them to continue the work, feeling the utmost confidence in their management and care.

Persuaded to continue in the institution, Dr and Mrs Brodie nevertheless,

on going into the country, found themselves compelled to refuse many applications for the admission of children, from the want of an enlarged agency and lack of funds. It was a painful necessity, and they felt it keenly.

Here we remark, that, from the commencement of this work, the result has been, that all the children in the institution have been benefited more or less, if not in each case mentally, at least physically, and in many instances both. We give one or two instances of those who have been mentally and physically improved:—A—— was the first child who came to Gayfield Square. Her parents were poor, and lived in a small country parish. A benevolent gentleman, who was passing through this district, was arrested by seeing a little figure lying at a cottage door in a very degraded state. The girl was then

nine years of age ; she had never stood nor walked, but trailed along the ground, catching hold of it with her beautiful little hand, and in this fashion pulling herself forward. Her mind seemed almost a blank ; she had no idea of the being of God, could not articulate words of two syllables, and had extreme dread of being in the dark. The kind gentleman was much interested in this little girl, and being aware of the existence of Dr Brodie's institution, used every effort in his power to induce the parents to send her there, promising to defray all expense. Encased, however, in the erroneous conviction that all such cases are perfectly hopeless, the parents refused to consent ; but, being furnished with reports, in which they read of the success of others in similar institutions, and thus becoming themselves educated on the subject,

they at last agreed to the kind benefactor's proposal, and A—— was brought to Gayfield Square. Her mother accompanied her, and remained sometime in Edinburgh, coming every day to look at her child. So strange and sad was her appearance, that on her first arrival Mrs Brodie and the servants were frightened, and almost appalled. She was put immediately under treatment. Baths, friction, hourly exercise of a varied kind, and the other medical appliances, were resorted to, such as Dr Brodie judged fit and necessary; and gradually an improvement took place, and her countenance lost the sad, hopeless expression it had worn. Within six months she—having had a pair of shoes made to fit her, having club-feet—began to walk, just as a child does, with assistance; she also articulated very much more distinctly. Dur-

ing all this time her mental training was steadily going on, and she learned to lisp her little prayers like a child of eighteen months. The way in which she was delivered from her fears of the dark was an interesting one. The constant tendency among the lower classes to make these children a butt, discloses, doubtless, the reason of her fear of being left alone in the dark. In villages and country districts they are run after, stoned, and exposed to an endless variety of petty, yet very painful, persecutions. On A——'s first arrival at the institution, a nurse sat beside her at night after she was in bed. She was soothed for the time, but in the morning, the moment she awoke and found herself alone, she arose, and, on her hands and feet, crept down to the kitchen. When Mrs Brodie saw her mistake, she taught her, when

instructing her to pray, that God sees in the dark, and would protect her. This at first poor little A——, like many wiser than herself, could not take in, and Mrs Brodie, to help her, assured her that there should always be some one beside her when she awoke. This was strictly attended to, and ultimately the child was entirely delivered from her fears. “Jesus watch A——,” she used simply and confidingly to say, when going to bed, or into any apparent danger. She learned to sew, and could make herself useful by hemming towels and dusters. She could read little words of three or four letters, and, above all, she attained, it is believed, a sweet and saving knowledge of Christ as her Saviour. If she had been naughty, Mrs Brodie said, “Now you’ve been bad ; haven’t you?”

“ Yes.”

“ What takes away the naughtiness from A——’s heart ?”

“ Blood—Jesus—blood,” she would gravely repeat.

She, as well as the other children, was taught much by pictures. This is a very delightful resource. Two of their favourite pictures are Christ on the Cross, and Christ Blessing Little Children. After a residence of four years in the institution, A—— was reluctantly sent away, when the removal to the country was made. She was carried in in her father’s arms, and when she went out she walked away on her own feet ! We cannot, we think, more effectively close the sketch of this case than by inserting a letter written by her father to Mrs Brodie, on receiving his little girl back to her home :—

“ *July 21, 1859.*

“ DEAR FRIEND,—I received your kind

letter, stating that you are all well. I have to let you know that we are all the same. Your dear A—— is in good health, and as well pleased as ever. She is just what you state in all your letters. She always speaks of you, and Miss C., and Miss B., and the names of many of the childrine. Anything that will come against her, she will tell the Dr or Mama—that is, Mrs Broadie. She is coming on with all her lessons. She is making Good improvement in reading, she writes some Coppeys, and sewing. She tell me to tell Mrs Broadie that she is a Good Girle, and so she is. She still continues to improve in every way. There is many coming to see her that knew her before she went to you, and now they would not know her and well Pleased to see her improve so much. Our Paster Mr —— is highly Pleased with the Answers she gives in the Bible

Lessons she learns We all thank you, and all her teachers, in the trouble they took in our Dear Child. But above all to the Good God that put it in the heart of our Dear Friends. My best love to the Dr. A—— sends her love with a kiss to mama, the Dr, Miss C., Mr D., Miss B., Mrs F., and many more. My wife joins me with Love to you in the name of Jesus.—I remain yours in sincerity and truth. ————.”

Who does not envy the feelings of the recipient of such a letter? How affecting is the simple but heartfelt gratitude expressed,—first, to the “ Good God,” who put it into the hearts of His people to devise such a scheme of benevolence; and, secondly, to those who, as His instruments, fulfilled the task committed to them with so much fidelity and love!

No. 2.—B—— was the third child who

came to Gayfield Square. In character and temper he was more like a little demon than a child. He was wild and passionate, and while at home he seemed to exercise his obstreperous disposition in what to his poor mother seemed an uncontrollable manner. On entering a room, he would sometimes rush to the table, and—it mattered not what was upon it—he would sweep off its whole contents and scatter them on the floor. Besides having a violent temperament, it was also one of deep cunning. He used frequently to watch for his sister coming home with the milk, and, springing suddenly forward, he would seize the pitcher from her hand, and deliberately empty its contents on the ground.

Sometimes, as he strolled by the river side, he snatched other boys' caps from their heads, and, flinging them into the water, watched their watery course; and,

not content with this mischievous act, he afterwards became dangerous, from his repeated endeavours to pitch boys themselves into the stream. Nor was his own family exempt from these personal attacks on the part of this poor, weak-minded child; for when, as he thought, not observed, he would strike his little baby sister as she lay smiling in her cradle. Very great was his tendency to strike, and his arm had a nervous twinge, by which he involuntarily raised it in the threatening posture.

Mrs Brodie taught him to overcome this, and, for the purpose of instructing him to keep his hands still, she frequently gave him an old dish to carry from the top of the house to the kitchen; and the boy, delighted to be intrusted with a message, strove to conquer his nervous habit; and such was his success, that ultimately Mrs Brodie

would have trusted him to carry the finest china-ware in her possession.

To assist in keeping down his hands when tempted to strike, a small pair of cotton sleeves, extending over the fingers and fastened at the points, was made, into which, when the storm threatened, the hands were put ; and the string attached to the sleeves being tied round his waist, the unruly members were subdued. Such was the effect of the training in the institution, and so real was the impression made on the mind of B——, that, when tempted to raise his hand, he would cry out most earnestly, “ I’m going to strike ! I’m going to strike ! Put on my muffs ! Put on my muffs ! ”

Sometimes the best mode of treatment for these children evolves itself in incidental ways. The following exemplifies our meaning :—Dr Brodie encour-

ages them to speak out their mind, to tell of what they are thinking, and answers all their questions. One day, B——, who was trotting through the house after Dr Brodie, went with him into his dressing-room. Seeing an old coat hanging up, the boy said, “What is that for, Doctor?” Observing that B—— looked at the garment with somewhat of reverence, as well as curiosity, Dr Brodie replied, “What would you think if it were for a naughty boy?” The putting on of this coat was henceforth considered by B—— the greatest punishment for disobedience.

Each child must be made a study—its own peculiar case carefully attended to, and its own peculiar remedies and treatment applied. Hence the necessity for an extensive agency.

A young lady from the school-room came one day to Mrs Brodie, leading

B—— by the hand, and said he had been naughty—striking some one. Mrs Brodie desired him to sit down beside her, saying, “Who bade you strike, B——?”

“I think it was the devil, mamma,” answered the little fellow.

“How are you to get the better of the devil? What should you do?”

“O, I should pray; I should pray. Will you come with me, mamma?”

Together they went to a quiet spot, and there prayed for strength and victory. Mrs Brodie then said, “Are you ready to go back to the school-room now?”

He was evidently afraid to venture yet, and sat still for a short time. Then he rose, and said he thought he could go now, showing that the child was making an effort towards self-control, and believing that God was helping

him, in answer to his little prayer. He did go, and succeeded. These paroxysms of passion diminished much, and he improved greatly in many respects. He was kind generally to the children, and in particular to A——, to whom he gave his arm round the garden occasionally, and was otherwise considerate and attentive. It was to him a great pleasure to feel himself useful. One day, as Professor Miller, who had been seeing some of the children, was leaving, his eye fell upon B——, to whom he said, "What can you do, my little fellow?" Mrs Brodie replied, "O, he can be a little footman." He instantly caught the hint, and running down stairs, threw the hall door wide open, and, like a true democrat, held out his hand (which the Professor immediately shook), saying, "Good-bye, sir." It was a source of regret—as may

easily be imagined—to both Dr and Mrs Brodie, to be obliged to send away this very interesting boy, when the institution was removed from Gayfield Square to the country residence. The same reason, however, which compelled them to part with A——, rendered it necessary to take the same step in the case of B——: want of suitable accommodation and lack of funds. The poor boy was sent to an *asylum*, after which Mrs Brodie had a letter from his mother, in which she expressed deep regret that he had left the institution, and grief at the sights he sees in the asylum. It is very evident that such a place is most unsuitable for a child like this, the great advantage being, not to keep him in restraint in an asylum, but to educate him to subdue his own evil temper, and control his naturally passionate disposition.

Examples might be multiplied, showing the great advantages which imbecile children have derived from their residence in this institution, physically, morally, and spiritually. But, besides that our limits forbid us to enlarge, we feel assured that enough has been said to arouse the interest and enlist the sympathy and support of the Christian public. The institution, as it now exists, is languishing, and many of its most hopeful inmates have been reluctantly sent away.

Now, however, a great effort is about to be made, by a subscription throughout Scotland, to raise funds adequate to buy a site and build an institution, in every respect suitable and commodious.

It is proposed to erect it, if a proper piece of ground can be obtained, between Edinburgh and Glasgow, as being

at once an advantageous and salubrious locality. The plan of the establishment is somewhat as follows:—The first department to be reserved for the children of wealthy parents, who may wish them to have every comfort to which an ample board would entitle them. The second department to embrace those children whose parents, being in less affluent circumstances, would, nevertheless, be quite able to pay a moderate board; and the third and last, to be set apart for pauper imbeciles, who, in accordance with some stipulated regulations, should be received into the establishment gratuitously. It is very apparent that, for the accomplishment of such an aim, a large sum is necessary—not simply for the purchase of ground and the erection of the building, but for the support of an efficient agency, including teachers, nurses, attendants,

etc., etc. The sum required is £10,000. Of this, there is already in the treasurer's hands £1000, of which £250 has been granted by the Trustees of the Ferguson Bequest; and £500 was bequeathed by the late Alexander Cowan, Esq., who, all along, took a deep interest in the success of the institution in Gayfield Square. £9000 remains to be raised. It is a large sum, but "prayer and pains" can overcome all obstacles; and, in the language of one who is accustomed to face difficulties, and grapple with them, and triumph over them, we say—Let the people of Scotland prayerfully resolve to make "a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together," and the work will be done—ay, and well done too.*

A Ladies' Committee, to assist the

* See "Labour Lightened, not Lost." By Professor Miller.

“ Parent Society,” has been organized in Edinburgh, and all means are being resorted to for the purpose of bringing the subject prominently before the mind of the Scottish public. The ladies of committee are having districts throughout Edinburgh allotted to them, in which to collect; and by means of pulpit intimations, the press, and private appeals, it is earnestly trusted that this great and good object will be accomplished, and that speedily. *Bis dat qui citó dat.*

Various little incidents have at the outset of the work occurred, of an encouraging nature—such as the gift, by a carpenter interested in the scheme, of twenty very neat collecting-boxes, and the kind liberality of a printer, who gratuitously printed for the society 10,000 copies of an “ Appeal ” lately issued—a donation valued at not less

than £20. We understand there are other large-hearted and benevolent men who have intimated their readiness to do similar kind and valuable offices. We conclude with a brief extract from the spirited little "Appeal" above alluded to, feeling that nothing further which we could urge on behalf of this deeply interesting object could equal it in point or pathos:—

"Parents, are you thankful for your able-bodied and strong-minded children?

"We ask your thank-offering for those born in another condition.

"Children, are you thankful for your ability to enjoy the pleasures of your youth?

"We ask your thank-offering for boys and girls who, though naturally no worse than you, know not what pleasure is. Gold and silver you may have none, but such as you have we ask you

to give, in order that an institution may be reared, with the view of making up to these children the deficiencies which, by the Divine appointment, have fallen to their lot."



